DISAPPOINTMENT. But homeward coming all the way, Sighing lowly, pacing alowly, She knew the best wheel withering lay, She saw the biaseams dry decay, She massed the little brooklet's play,

A breeze had sprong from out the South, But, sighing lowly, paring slowly, She only felt the burning drouth; Her eyes were hot, and parched her mouth; Yetsweet the wind blew from the South!

And when the wind brought welcome rain, Still sighing lowly, pacing slowly, She never saw the lifting grain; Bit only—alone orchard lane, Where she had waited all in vain!

-Scribner's for September

MARK HASCALL'S CONGENIAL

SPIRIT. "And it was about as tall a weddin' as

they get up, too," said the young man, a little sheepishly, but still very proudly. He was having his brother's wedding advertised in a city newspaper. He thought, somehow, that everybody must feel an interest in their wedding, even to the sharp, business-like clerk who took his money and his advertisement behind the counter in the city newspaper office. To Dick Hascall, a country boy, young, a little bit "green," unused to grand weddings, city ways, or city finery, this wedding of his brother's was the one respler dent event in the history of the world. It was something to dream over and tell about. But the sharp business clerk behind the counter in the city newspaper office paid no attention to Dick Hascall. He ignored the bashfully boastful little remark in the loftiest manner, as though a "tall wedding" was the most ordinary thing in the world to him, as though he had a "tall wedding" of his own every day in the year, for that matter. Die looked disappointed at the sharp clerk's evident want of sympathy, and turned and went out without venturing any more remarks. Now, if I'd been that newspaper clerk, I'd have certainly asked what the bride wore, and who married 'em, wouldn't

Dick Hascall's brother's name was Mark Hascall, a country schoolmaster, with a sweet tenor voice-a farmer's son he waswho had married on short acquaintance Bell Goswall, a gay, brilliant city girl, who played the piano. She played accompani nents, while he sang "Dreaming of Thee. Love," with his sweet tenor voice, and in hree weeks' time they could not exist away from each other. After a lengthy and extensive acquaintance of six weeks, Mark Hascall went, one Friday night, to the modest domicile which was the home of his father and mother, and said: "Mother, I am going to be married."
"Yes; so is that brindle calf," remarked

Dame Hascall, sarcastically.
"But, mother, it's so," said Mark. Pm going to be married as soon as school's out to Bell Goswall. You've seen her, haven't

Dame Hascall set down the pan of corn dough, with which she was feeding her spring chickens, and wiped her brow with sun-burnt beard, glowered at them, and a sher apron.

wrathful voice exclaimed: her apron. "Markey, Markey! Don't skeer me,"

"Why, mother, what is there scary about being married?" responded Mark, know."

Dame Hascall recovered her presence of She picked up the bowl of corn dough you like a slave! Bell,-go home.'

"Sure, mother, I be come all the way from Sweethriar to tell you about it." Mother Hascall looked at him with her

grimmest, most "meat-axey" expression.
"So you've engaged yourself to that city girl, have you? And now you go to jeily: the house, march to your room, go into the give you for bein' a fool!" She took her empty dough pan, and

walked slowly into the house in a most stately manner, without another word. Mark frowned with vexation at first, then he laughed, then he fell to thinking night something came tumbling and how little his old mother knew about him | kicking at the front door, and the some and his Isabel, and about true love in gen-

angelic Isabel's multifarious and multiglorious wedding garments could be prepared. It was a "tall wedding," sure en-ough. Isabel's father was not a rich man, two. Mark Hascall's life went by jumps, and he spent nearly all his worldly sayings to give his daughter a magnificent wedding and some forks and spoons. Then was a series of bickerings and bitter quarhe washed his hands of her future, and left they were married because they could not exist without each other,

It was one of those hurried matches which sometimes take place between two who, but one little year before, had rubbed young people whom the fates have decreed hall make fools of themselves.

They did not keep house, because Bell didn't know how to work, and, secondly, remained at Farmer Hascall's, and they had not been marri d three months before souls who had been mated in heaven be- drunken rage, forehand, and born for each other, and that call worked for them and was rather kind. but grim and, on the whole, not encouraging to a sweet girl-bride, who wore white foot, swiss morning robes trimmed with lace make soft soap.

"I think you don't understand dear Bell, mother," explained Mark, "She is not one of those frivolous city girls who can't do anything but dance and thumb the live with you another day. For your fuect. That's what attracted me to her first. ty. Go!" you know. That dear girl actually knows and Emerson.

"I don't know nothin' about Ennyson Temerson," answered Dame Hascall, in disclain. "But I doubt Mrs Temerson granted to Mrs. Hascall, and the custody didn't learn her how to make a loaf of of their infant son given to her, she being yeast riz bread, or to raise a brindle calf in every way fitted to rear him properly Knowin' how to do them things is what I every day.

Call a savin' knowledge. However, she Mark made no remonstrance to any part call a savin' knowledge. However, she can learn, I 'spose. I wish her well, and of it. He did not drink somuch as before,

"What's he like?" asked Bell.

away, and thought how his brilliant wife her heart to deny him, especially as her would stare at the thought of touching her former husband was perfectly sober. She dainty hand to a churn. But the smile carried the child down stairs herself, was more than half a sigh. Mark worked "You are free now," said Mark. in the hayfield. He had always been an industrious lad, but never steady. Some days he would work like a steam ox. to shine before me again. I take off your crowding into one day as much as a slow ring and return it to you, and with that I man would do in three days, then maybe put off the old life forever. Thank God, I he wouldn't lift his hand for a week. He was just so in everything. All his life went by jerks. He wanted something to remember it. I have no memories; I hold him steady, Dame Hascall said. He have hopes—once more I have hopes. seemed to have found it with his new wife at first. He worked valiantly on the farm, and came home at night tired, hunfarm, and came home at might three, and grv, and with soiled clothes, not at all the grv, and with soiled clothes, not at all the ly.

Her cheeks flushed hotly. She clasped

ty Bell Goswell. It wasn't always agreethe baby closer. "I shall take him with able to Mrs. Bell to put up her refined lips me wherever I go," she answered. "I to be kissed by a man who had dirty hands shall devote my life to him, and try to and dust in his mustache. By and by she make him wiser and better than his father

clared she could not endure the of such coarse things,

"Mother is going to take a summer will understand it, boarder, Bell," said Mark, one day. "He's a portrait painter, I believe, or some fellow like that. He's coming out here to fish, and study ideal heads he's got in his own

"Well—good bye," he said.
"Good bye," she answered.

But neither held out a hand across the which lay between,

MILAN EXCHANGE.

VOLUME I.

MILAN, GIBSON COUNTY, TENNESSEE, SEPTEMBER 17, 1874.

NUMBER 29.

bright and animated again, "It's quite like old times," she said to her as they used.

fark. "Now I've found somebody at She didn't const Mark. last who is like my own set, the friends I

used to know before I came to this dull Mark frowned. 'It seems to me, Mrs.

ny to me now any more, you know." This time Mark didn't sigh. He frowned darkly, and muttered something Bell | world. ouldn't hear, though it sounded savage. the boarder still lingered, and once a neigh-

aistakable admiration, as he laid down run to her from his play sometimes, and

"Mrs, Hascall-there is-I beg your pardon, but how did you ever happen to marry your husband and settle down in At such moments life seemed very bitte. this desolate spot? Believe me, you did for a little while. As the child grew old yourself a grievous wrong when you er, however, he ceased to ask her such buried yourself alive here."

oomily.
"Mistake!" echoed the artist, "You wentaway,
"Mistake!" echoed the artist, "You Wentaway,
That summer she took her boy and went rould be my ideal of Tennyson's Maude, for months. The moment I saw your face, I said to myself, Here is my Maude."

Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly

A strong sudden hand parted some oushes near them, a tanned, wrathful face, with white teeth gleaming through the

"P'raps you'd like to paint her husband, too, wouldn't you? Dinsmore you want to know why she married me and threw her life away, I'd recommend "You were married, you you to ask me. By the Lord Harry madam, I should think you'd be ashamed of vourself, dawdling away your time mind immediately. She never wasted with a sentimental donkey like that, and any time in giving way to her emotions. letting your husband's mother wait on She looked at him a moment as if she could have struck him down, so much passion shot out of her blazing eyes. never thought it was in her. collected almost instantly that it was un philosophical, as well as unlady-like, to let the Old Adam rise in her soul. She look-

ed at her irate lord a second and answered "Mr. Hascall, perhaps you overheard me closet and shut the door, and get down on remark, a moment ago, that I sometime your knees and ask God A'mighty to for- feared I had made a mistake. Allow me to remark, now, that I am sure I have nade a mistake.

He swore savagely, and turned on his heel and strode away. He did not come to dinner nor to tea. A little after midthing was Mark Hascall, and first time in his life, Mark Hascall was neavily intoxicated. It is a man's way

you know. That was the beginning of it After and he had taken a long and desperate rels. These two souls that could not her to her husband and Providence. So exist apart, you know. At the end of year, Bell went home to her father's an ll-tempered, disappointed woman, to hang like a stone on the shoulders of the fathe his hands and tondly whispered to him elf that he was rid of the burden of on his children, at any rate. Then Mark drank himself beastly drunk to drown his because they had no house to keep. They troubles, and followed her to take her

ome again. She refused to go, and there, in the presence of her mother and sister. they began to discover that two congenial he raised his hand and struck her in his Even then her cold presence of mind sort of thing, could nevertheless quarrel did not leave her. She pushed him like two squabbling pigeons. Dame Haswith her own hands, and made

she would have spurned him with her "I shall make application for a divorce, and inserting, and didn't know how to to-day," she said to him in her calmest

It sobered him instantly "Do you really mean that?" he asked.

"So help me God, I do! I will never piano, Dear Bell has a very superior intel- ture I have neither faith, hope, nor chari-

She pointed with her hand to the street. political economy; and her favorite au- and he went away without a word. In thors are Mrs. Browning and Tennyson due course of time, a year and a half after these two congenial souls had been pronounced one, because they were unable to by hand, or to do anything else that a poor the court said. The most common occurfarmer's wife has to put her shoulder to. rence in the world, you know-happens

you too, and I'll teach her how to make but seemed sunken into a sullen, leaden butter and take care of calves and cab-bages." apathy. On the day the divorce was grant-ed he came to the house and asked to see Mark smiled to himself as he turned his little boy. Even Bell could not find in

"Yes," she answered, with enthusiasm

I guess. He reads poetry, and is of the liferary sort," and on both sides of the world, but I have said one of the ment. "Of course," said one of the ment of every fool that passes this way." The never seen any roads in town or country so at last I shall meet somebody in this forlorn corner who cares for something that I do. I shall be so glad."

I guess. He reads poetry, and is of the farmer was trying to harmes an obstinate mule. "Won't he was but twenty when her ill-starred marbouse where a farmer was trying to harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he said the farmer, "he'll draw the attention of every fool that passes this way." The never seen any roads in town or country so atrociously bad as the streets of Most at last I shall meet somebody in this forlorn corner who cares for something that I do. I shall be so glad."

I guess. He reads poetry, and is of the parameter was trying to harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he never seen any roads in town or country so atrociously bad as the streets of Most dream of her girlhood, before the ment was trying to harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he never seen any roads in town or country so atrociously bad as the streets of Most dream of her girlhood, before the ment was trying to harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he never seen any roads in town or country so atrociously bad as the streets of Most dream of her girlhood, before the ment was trying to harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule." "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule." "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule." "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule." "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule." "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule." "Woon't he harmes an obtinate mule. "Woon't he harmes an obtinate

She didn't consult all her friends about She made up her mind all to herself, and when she was ready to go she just went, and the friends stormed afterward. When you want to do a thing, the best way Hascall, that you would like to forget entirely that you've got a husband," he said, dryly. is to go and do it. Isabel was young, bright, handsome and persevering, therefore she succeeded, and when she was successful "Oh, dear, no! But you are no compa- her friends who had turned their backs on her turned around face front again, and opened their arms. It's the way of the

Her life was full of ups and downs and Summer lengthened into autumn, but petty vexations, too, and hard work; but throughout it she had one steady joy bor remarked to Dame Hascall that her daughter-in-law and her boarder seemed very much pleased with each other's comson. He grew and thrived like a June om, until one morning Isabel remem So they were. One morning they sat, bered it was his birthday, and he was ten on a half-shaded bank, reading. Bell was years old. He had never given her a moadiant in her gray autumn dress and soft | ment's sorrow in his life, except that when shawl. The artist looked at her with un- he was a very little fellow, he used to

Tommy's papa is going to take him a questions. He seemed to understand it Sometimes I begin to think I made himself. And now Leon was ten years old mistake," answere 1 Mrs. Hascall, and she had heard no word of Mark Hascall since the day he kissed the child and

have thrown your life away. I wish—
Mrs. Hascall, I must paint you before I go. I have been looking for a face which vacation. Though in Maine the settlement was as new and "unfinished" one might say, as any place in the Western wilds That was why she chose it. She saw so He picked up the book again. "This is much art all the year round that the very how I should paint you, Lady Mande, breath of nature rested and gladdened her life. They had neither doctor nor minis-"Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cru-elly mesk? They didn't need any doctor, they said, and no minister liked

so rough a living as theirs was, was drowned.

Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on bel her best bed, covered with the delight bel her best bed, covered with the delight The old lady at the farm-house gave Isi-Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a bel her best bed, covered with the delight gloom profound." calico teeth so sharp and fierce that they looked as if they might have sawed your head off at any moment. Isabel liked it, her eyes. I think it is so with most of us, Brave Leon was as full of childish happiness as his little body could hold. He for New Mexico. There seems but little made acquaintance with the pigs, sheep and cows at once, and was soon on excellent terms with even the old mother hens. He watched the nests in the morning, and ever and anon came running merrily holding up a fresh-laid egg, and cackling to imitate the brown hen that laid it, bel thought she was happier than she had ever been before, glad with the innocent, heartful happiness of childhood

One day Leon fell into the little river. and before they could rescue him the bright, sweet, loving child was drowned. Isabel would have torn her heart out to bring him to life again, and when that would not do it, she could have torn her heart out with agony. The only joy, only hope of her lonely life, was taken away. carsed the hour she was born.

If your husband was only alive to help you bear it, it wouldn't be so hard," said the mild, sweet-faced old landlady. "It children, and I buried four of them when my husband. He held me up. There is shand. Forty years my old man and 1 ver News, Aug. 25. save held together, through good and bad, and the older we get the more good there is and the less bad, and in a few years more, please God, it will be all good, and no bad any more," said the dear old lady,

Isabel wept bitterly. "I have no friend in the world, not one, now in my trouble,"

The old lady held up her hands in dis-"Don't take on like that," she said, Her son came in and whispered to her. She arose and went out with him. " Mother," said the young man, "there

Again the old lady held up her hands in may. "To be sure!" she exclaimed. beautifully as any minister could. so good and wise a man in the settlement,

schoolmaster, John. maze of grief, poor, heart-broken, lonely in the school-house, and all the neighher bury her dead.

coffin. He read a chapter which is very blessed to bereft mothers: uffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God. Isabel heard that, even through the

thrillingly sweet, rich tenor voice, and the veyed to her residence. Dr. J. B. Greene hymn was one which once mother-in-law Hascall sang at a child's funeral. master advanced and with reverent hands uncovered the face of her boy. He look-ed at her too, then, and also at the dead child in the coffin. Then he began softly and gently :

·This little one-He stopped. While they looked to see miraculous one, what it meant, there came a sudden, heavy full. The beloved schoolmaster had faint ed across the coffin of the dead child. Isabel's heart seemed bursting, while they lifted him up and sprinkled his face with water. For the pale face of the beloved schoolmaster was the face of Mark Hascall. He recovered himself in a minute and sank beside the coffin, clasping it in his hands with a bitter ery. Driven by an ulse she could not resist, Isabel hurried forward and fell on her knees beside him, and they wept together beside their

dead child's coffin. May be the bright spirit of the dead little child embraced them both in his tender arms.

Hascall was churning and Mark was working in the field. They read poetry and philosophy together till Bell began to be look upon her as a burden on their hands. Some and who somehow didn't seem to care for this modern philosophy has ruined hosts time afterwards, several children on their

"Steep the soul
In one pure love, and it will last thee long."

A Colorado Fiend.

It is not so very long ago that it was chronicled in these columns how a party by the name of Packer had arrived at Del Norte, declaring that he was the only sur-

secluded valley. The bodies were all more or less mutilated. The head of one had been severed from the body; the head of they cleared the earth from the rocks over another was badly crushed, while the flesh had been cut in huge masses from the breasts, thighs, and the fleshy part of the legs of all, and bullet holes gaped in the region of their stilled-forever hearts. The bodies of two were in a perfect state of preservation, so as to be easily recognized, but the remaining three were mutilated, so that their own mothers would not have known them. Near one of the bodies was an open pocket-book, in which was a mutilated note in favor of Israel Swan, for \$500, but besides several blankets and tin cups, no other personal property of any kind was to be seen. The discoverers of this fearful crime did not attempt to alter the condition of the bodies, but started for Saguache, where Parker, notwithstanding his cannibalistic story, had been confined. He had, however, just before contrived to measured, from the to escape, and is supposed to have sloped doubt that the five dead bodies are those of George Noon, James Humphrey, Sam Bell, Israel Swan and — Frank, with whom Packer started from Salt Lake.

This, too, does not seem to be the first issassination Packer is credited with having committed. Four years ago he is said to have killed three men on the Divide, in El Paso county, the Sheriff of which offers a reward of \$500 for his head for doing the same. The Sheriff of Saguache also offers \$200 for his arrest and return to that place. The description declares him to stocky, thick-set man, 5 feet 8 inches high, and about 30 years old. Two of his front teeth are wanting, and the first and fourth

fingers of his left hand. The fact of the flesh being cut in the manner described off the bodies found by Captain Graham, might seem to give currency to the idea that Packer's story was partially true, and that he had killed them appears like a man's arm is strong to help to avoid starvation. But there are enough woman through troubles. I've had six game and berries in that district of country to render such cannibalistic measures they were little. 'Peared like it would unnecessary, and the fact that no articles have killed me when I lost them, only for confirms the theory that they were murno friend so near to a woman as a good dered for their earthly possessions. -Den-

A Singular Accident. The Providence Press contains the fol-

lowing account of a very singular accident and narrow escape from death A remarkable accident, which came near resulting in the death of a young lady, occurred at the Delaine Mill in Olneyville to-day, Margaret Donnelly, aged 18 years, of No. 10 Howard street, is employed in the sewing-room and runs a sewing-machine. About 9:30 o'clock this is not a preacher within twenty miles of morning one of the young men at work What shall we do for a burial ser- in this room took up a rope, some twenty feet in length, for the purpose of throwing it over one of the nails suspended from the ceiling, in order that he might "pull" But there's the schoolmaster, John, He some cloth over it. A noose was fixed at is a kind, Christian man, and will say it as the end of the rope in which one of the He ends of the cloth is placed, and by this proought to be a minister, this day, and he's cess the cloth is drawn over to another a lesson to em as it is. There never was machine, situated some thirty or forty feet away. The rope was coiled up like a lasso, but in throwing it from him the young man miscalculated the distance and They would have paid dearly for their They told Isabel, who was in such a it was sent over one of the main shafts, which passes through the sewing-room creature, that she scarcely knew what into one of the adjoining rooms. The they said. They had the child's funeral noose caught Miss Donnelly firmly around the neck, and before she was aware of it bors, good, kindly people, came to help she was drawn suddenly upward. Her In the school-house assistant, a young woman some years her Isabel covered her face, and scarcely saw senior, took in the situation at a glance, the tall, pale man in black, who stepped and grasped her by the waist, meanwhile imidly up the open space beside her boy's screaming loudly for assistance. A young man standing near by ran to the aid of the unfortunate young woman and grabbed her by the dress. All three were pulled

up some ten feet or more, when Miss Donnelly's head came in contact with a board projection near the shaft, the rope gave darkness of grief. Then the schoolmaster sang a hymn. Isabel started when she to the floor. Miss Donnelly was picked scard it. For the voice which sang was a up in an insensible condition and conwas summoned, and on examination it was found that her neek had been serious-Isabel looked up, as the beloved school- by bruised, and she had sustained other severe injuries. It is expected that she will recover.

Her companion also received a severe blame is attached to the young man who and thoroughly put in practice,

The New King of the Turf.

lowcraft looks rather meek, but yet has an air of determination, as if conscious that Russia, just as a cottager suffers from his Do you know what the rest is? It is when things become serious he would neighbor's dunghill, be his own cottage specimens of the collection have been and dust in its interest and better than his father."

In the left off coming to meet him when he came from work, and remained in the vine-covered porch reading flargaret Fuller. In tempered as Bell thought bim before dark wasn't always as sweet tempered as Bell thought bim before they married. Bell never married. Bell never married be possible to be entirely off with show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and belonging ever outer of the collection have been suffing hot bug-smashers and juggling show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and then added show who was who. He is a chestnut, and belonging ever octed to draw agons, frays, carriages, and blove. We never can feel toward an and blove. We never can feel toward an and blove. We never can feel toward an old love. We never can feel toward an and blove was we could go, but this stout stomachs; such eggs, if cooked very hard, is different than his father."

—she that the wister and better than his father."

—she that the wister and better than his father."

—she that the wister and better than his father."

—she that the wister and better than his father."

—she that the wister and better than his father."

—she that the wister and better than his father. The she was and is a little, and then added search she was an in the vine-covaries of the collection have been and belonging sever so clean the field of the start was an interest to far an old love. We never can feel toward an independent of the filth year and the filter of the start was an interest to far an old love. We never can feel toward an independent of the start was an interest to far an old love. We never can feel toward an interest to far an old love. We never can feel toward an interest to far an old love "raise a brindle calf by hand." She de-clured she could not endure the thought of such coarse things,

"a least a brindle calf by hand." She de-clured she could not endure the thought of such coarse things,

"a least a brindle calf by hand." She de-clured she could not endure the thought of such coarse things,

"a least a brindle calf by hand." She de-clured she could not endure the thought of such coarse things,

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"a least a brindle calf by hand." She de-clured she could not endure the thought of such coarse things.

"a least a brindle calf by hand." She de-der the influence of ginger-beer—became on his traveling clothes of red flannel, but the whole and the coarse things one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his lime without any diamonds or splendor.

The least a brindle calf by hand." She de-der the influence of ginger-beer—became food than anybody else, which is doubtful.

The least a brindle calf by hand." She de-der the influence of ginger-beer—became involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of his attendants kindly removed his involved in a quarrel concerning a knotty one of And this time it was a holy bond indeed, bonnet to show his face. Fellowcraft hurt displaced, and the black mud oozes behallowed by the memory of what had himself not a whit in the race; he came tween them. A horse that has sunk up to traordinary delight in the performance of "Well—good bye," he said.
"Good bye," she answered.

But neither held out a hand across the full which lay between.

Isabe had said that the held strange here a part of the little creating the taste had said that the held strange to take me fear the finish told me. Those present at the finish told me. Those present at the finish told me. Those present at the finish told me. The came in the wint in the face; he came in the wint in the performance of the little creating the taste in the could be not a wint in the face; he came in the wint in the face; he came in the wint in the performance of the little creating the taste of Most people spoil the taste in the wint in the face; he came in the wint in the face; he came in the wint in the face; he came in the wint in the performance of the little creating the spoil the taste of Most people spoil the taste of the streets of Most people spoil the taste of the little creating the spoil the taste of the streets of Most people spoil the taste of "Oh! a useless fellow, wasting idle days, ambitions shone before her again. She loved old couple whom I see sometimes, sign of health can a horse evince,

government of the suppose of the sup of homes.
"I know that there are no two well dismal in the road. It did not seem inclined posed persons of sound mind on earth, to turn out for them. On the contrary, it who cannot live together peacefully, hap-pily, even, if both make up their minds to ance that they turned and fled. Most fordo it. The sacred, old fashioned way— tunately the animal did not pursue them. till death do part'—is the best, wisest and When they reached home and told what holiest. A scrap of an old poem which I they had seen, their parents could not be read years and years ago, flits through my lieve the story. The description given by the children answered to that of a cata-mount, but as no such creature had been young people must have been frightened

> track of some strange animal, and feeling curious to learn what had made it, followed the footprints to the top of Pine the cave, and found a small hole through the roof. Then procuring a rail, they thrust it down through this aperture, and immediately a fierce snarl came up from the darkness below. The next moment the end of the rail was spitefully seized, Telegraph, Aug. 28. and held so firmly, that the man who stood at the opening could not pull it away. Several other men took hold with him, and drew the rail up by main strength, bringing the animal along with it. As soon as the creature's head appeared above the rocks, a ball was fired into it. The catamount (for the men were certain now it was a catamount) relinquished his hold, and dropped to the bottom of the cave

> again. This operation had to be twice rewhen he was dragged from the cave he conversation with Oscar timediately with Oscar timediately end of the tail, seven feet and nine inches He was thirty-two inches high, and weighed one hundred and twenty-one and one-half pounds. The skin was stuffed by Prof. Hagan, formerly State Geologist, and is now on exhibition at Downer's Hotel, Weathersfield, near the foot of Ascutney Mountain. The same year, on the 18th of December, a man by the name of Gomen, living in the town of Johnson, on the Lamoille River, was going through a piece of woods

> to the house of a distant neighbor. On his way he saw in the srow the tracks of a large animal with which he was not acquainted. He followed the footprints and, after some time, the creature itself mount. One glance at his long, lithe body, his fiery eyes and merciless teeth. was sufficient to remind Mr. Gomen that discretion is the better part of valor-at least to a person unarmed and he incontinently took to his heels. Going home, he soon collected thirteen men with guns and three good dogs, and with this force he returned to the woods. Dividing here, one party went around and stationed themselves where they could head off the catemount should be attempt to escape. The other party with the dogs followed up the track. They had not gone half a mile before the catamount showed himself on the other side of the woods, where the first party lay in wait for him. One of the hunters fired, and wounded him in the hip. At this, the dogs being close upon him, the animal turned, and with an enormous leap plunged into the undergrowth. The ground was level here, and it is asserted that this single leap of the huge cat measured from twenty-five to thirty feet. After tearing his way through the thickets for ten or eleven rods, hotly pursued by the dogs, he sprang into a tree, and commenced jumping from one tree to another. Finally, reaching a large spruce, he curled himself upon limb, nearly forty feet from the ground

brought him to the ground. The dogs rushed upon him, but wounded as he was, they soon found that they were no match for the fierce animal in a close fight, rashness had not a rifle-ball put a speedy end to his struggles. This catamount was eight feet and a half-inch long, and two feet seven inches high. His weight was one hundred and two pounds. He was very lean, and when his skin was stripped off, the cause of his eanness was discovered. His head and shoulders were filled with porcupine's guills. One or more of them had passed entirely through his head, and many others were half way through, showing that at some time he had made rather sorry work of trying to devour this small but formidable kind of prey. Had he been it good flesh he would have weighed much

and faced his enemies. The hunters were

close upon him. Several shots were fired.

most of them taking effect, and one ball

The Streets of Moscow.

more, and in that case, too, it is likely he

would have sold his life much more dearly

than he did,-Franklin B. Gage, in Youth's

Companion.

Russia boasts her civilization, but civilization cannot be called perfect till the art wound on the head. We learn that no of keeping clean is thoroughly understood had charge of the rope. The escape was a following description of the old Muscovite should suppose the city needed another fire equal to the one that burned it down in the path of Bonaparte :

When the thaw comes, and the sun be-A Saratoga letter to the New York gins to shine, Moscow becomes a city of race, the next thing was to see the vickissed and patted with a quietness that ters of cholera, and no wonder, consider-

my time seen bad roads of all descriptions, blondes are pale with envy.

as last I shall meet somebody in this for-lorn corner who cares for something that I do. I shall be so glad."

Mark sighed again, but this time there

The distance in the distant green hills

The distance in the distant green hills

The distance in the state of the distant green hills

The distance in the distant green hills

The distance in the distant green hills

The doubting at the distant green hills

The distance in the distant green hills

The doubting in this for
the pavement, instead of being an

she met Mark Hascall, and found in any speciment in a

Mark sighed again, but this time there was not the ghost of a smile along with the same dream one time or another. The suppose there and his beautiful city wife had not been married six months.

The "summer boarder" came—a lazy, the standard process of the same dream one time or another. The suppose there will be another the same dream one time or another. The ambition came back to her now with a the sum of the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and the same and the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and turns in the same dream one time or another. The sum is very solling to the same and turns in the same there in findeds, and sinks there to been to go on the stage and be gentle old love.

Is abel write as follows to a friend who of the State. In the autumn of that year, as follows to a friend who of the State. In the autumn of that year, as follows, as follows, and the autumn of the same there were solling the same and turns in the same and turns in the same and turns in the same there and turns in the same and turns in the

Years ago, and yet not so many, for it has been since the war, some disagreement arose between a couple of married folks in one of the old States, and after much pain and suffering and public exposure of family affairs in the courts, a was an infernal liar, but the old lady seemdecree of divorce was obtained and they ed to have set her heart on seeing the who had stood at the altar of Hymen to be joined in union were parted at the altar that I couldn't bear to disappoint them. of Justice, to which they had appealed. of Justice, to which they had appealed. When we got down into the woods I point-Their own way each of them turned, and edout the "battle-field," and they put their long years have come and gone since then. heads out of the windows and took in the The husband and father traveled with his scene. seen in that thickly settled region for nearly forty years, it was decided that the and there, no doubt, tried hard to forgive old man, as he drew in his head; "think and forget. The wife and mother, with of them Injuns creeping through them their babe, struggled with the skeleton of woods and shooting Mr. Braddock down by a dog.
On the 30th of January, however, a hunter by the name of Venight struck the her deadened life and in time came to dead! Texas. By some fatality the husband

came to Texas also. train bound from Galveston to this city. vivor of a party of six that had started early in the spring from Utah for the San Juan mines, the rest having killed and eaten each other to preserve themselves from starvation. According to advices from that point, Packer's story has been found so far true that his five companions have been killed, but there is every reason to suppose they have been mineland and was hidden there. Finding many been killed, but there is every reason to suppose they have been mineland and the story of the card at all the strange faces, outly over the car at all the strange faces, outly over the car at all the strange faces, outly over the car at all the strange faces, outly over the car at all the strange faces, suddenly caught sight of her long gone father. Before her mother could stay her, she had rushed to him crying "Papa!" The greeting of father and child was touching and beautiful. All the old emotions, all the smothered love of wife where the great Indian warrior fell and was record round. Hill about one mile south of Downer's Hotel. There he found the tracks led ously over the car at all the strange faces, been killed, but there is every reason to suppose they have been murdered by him lole as near as he could, and went home. Thomas the suppose they have been murdered by him lole as near as he could, and went home. Thomas the suppose they have been murdered by him lole as near as he could, and went home. Thomas the suppose they have been murdered by him lole as near as he could, and went home. suppose they have been murdered by him for the sake of plunder.

Some two weeks ago, Captain C. H. Graham, of Del Norte, while prospecting on the south branch of the Gunnison, came upon the corpses of five men lying in some that the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a brush at the data warror is siept.

"Mamma is here," said the little girl; "come and go to her." And she led her father up to the astonished mother, and a poetic predestination was accomplished. They met and talked as of powerful favor to me an' siept.

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' siept.

"and child, came back in an instant.

"Mamma is here," said the little girl; "come and go to her." And she led her father up to the astonished mother, and a poetic predestination was accomplished. They met and talked as of your point out the spot!" was defined in the came and child, came back in an instant.

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' siept.

"Well, papa," said the boy, bravely. The old folks had the little girl; "come and go to her." Samuel if ye'll point out the spot!" was defined in the came and child, came back in an instant.

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' living in some mode a quick adroit was left."

"It'll be a powerful favor to me an' living in some mode a quick adroit was left." "It'll be a powerful favor to me an' living in some mode a quick adroit was left."

"It'll be a powerful favo brush at the foot of a lofty pine tree in a secluded valley. The bodies were all more or less mutilated. The head of one had from above. After two hours of labor

After reaching Houston the services of Rev. Mr. Hackett were called for, a license otained, and the marriage vows resumed with a far better understanding of their nature and sanctity. And thus it is "All's

Heroic Rescue.

The Old Colony (Mass.) Memorial has the following account of an act of hero-

One afternoon when a sudden storm occurred, Oscar Marsh, of Duxbury, assistant keeper, was in charge of Plymouth upper lighthouse, which stands just out-side the harbor. Just before the squall Henry Marsh, a brother of Oscar, came conversation with Oscar, Immediately after leaving, and when in mid channel between the lighthouse and Dick's Flat, the squall struck his boat which was at once thrown down, the ballast shifted, and she remained upon her beam ends, Oscar saw the accident from the light, but was apparently without means of assistance, the only boat in the vicinity being a small dory anchored some forty yards from the light. Meanwhile, Henry had crawled upon the exposed portion of the boat, where he clung for life, the water rising rapidly, the wind meeting the tide, and

ausing a short, combing sea. A moment and Oscar had made up his mind, He first lit the lighthouse lamps, that they might be in readiness in case of any started up from a clump of bushes, and accident to himself. Then, stripping off all his clothes, he lashed a pair of oars to his back, and leaping from the building into the water, now raging with the ful force of the sudden gale, he started to swim for his dory. It was a toilsome service, but at last safely performed, and soon after he was alongside the wreck, but not a moment too soon to save his brother from his perilous position. Taking Henry into the dory, almost helpless from exhaustion, they strove to save the sail boat,

and rudder. The whole performance occupied about in hour, and at its conclusion both brothers were saved from death and in the lighthouse, nearly prostrated from the long

An Artificial Face.

At a recent meeting of the Medical Soci ety of London, a member, Dr. Hutchinon, exhibited a patient who had lost large portion of his face by disease, and to whom the deficiency was supplied by artificial means in a way similar to that by which some of our dentists treat loss of palate, nose, etc.

The disease had resulted in the destruction of the superior maxilla, all the ongy bones, and also the soft parts, inding the nose, some of the cheek, the apper lip, and nearly all of the soft palate. A rhino-plastic operation being deemed im practicable, the case was treated mechanially. To supply the lost parts internally an apparatus was constructed of vulcanite bearing mineral teeth, which articulated with those of the lower jaw, and this was held in position by the vulcanite being adapted to the whole of the inner surface of the nasal fossæ, thus affording a hold an artificial nose of vulcanite. This was

The latest excitement in Berlin is the exhibition of drilled fleas. The exhibit capital by a foreign correspondent we tion takes place on a large sheet of white paper fastened upon an ordinary table, to which all the spectators approach in turn, so as to be able to witness in all details the extraordinary maneuvers of these little, but marvelously powerful and gifted rascals. Here you see one of the muscular fleas rolling a small barrel along with its prious racer; so to-day I drove out to call kept sweet all the winter, now poisons the feet, as the men do in a circus; there you upon Felloweraft. Felloweraft is as gen- air and by the month of May the cholera see a slim, voluntuously built madam of tle as a little dog, and submitted to being usually sets in. Russia is the headquar- the species walking along in crinoline and carrying her parasol, with all the affectaalmost became patronizing condescension. ing that in matters of cleanliness and tion of a city miss; at another place a tion of a city miss; at another place a well-trained fellow performs on the flying some of the racers of his family, notably his uncle, Asteroid, who always strikes an attitude when visitors approach him. Fel-wafted westward into Europe.

tion, are yet children. Indeed, it is from trapeze—without any danger to his neck, however, since the biggest fall would not break that; while below the trapeze, on the paper, a host of little ones are turning sonfersaults at a fearful rate. The largest

ting that place where they fit!"

The old man explained. He said that a young man who came down from Canada with them told him to look out for the bat-

tle-field of Braddock's defeat as soon as he I was going to reply that the young man

"My soul!" replied the old lady seemingly overcome at the idea, and she kept Last Friday they both were aboard the her eyes on the woods until I thought she would twist her neck off.

made up their minds to see the spot, and if I didn't show it to them they might worry for weeks, and they might think the young man had lied, or that I wasn't post-one, and I tried for that other big slice

"Behold the last resting place of the his next lesson in table etiquette at home, great Tecumseh !" "Think of it, Hanner-just think of it!" exclaimed the old man, "right there is

where they got him!"
"Mercy! but it don't seem posssible!"
she ejaculated, and she had to get out her snuff-box before she could recover from the shock The old gentleman said he had a partic-

used to live right by him. "He must have been an awful Injun!" ing, will not bear transportation, especibroke in the old lady, "for the young man ally to foreign markets. Nevertheless, we said he didn't die till they had cut off his are yearly improving in this direction, and body up with a barrel of powder!

I wanted to get away after that, fearing that something worse was coming, but she insisted upon my taking a pinch of snuff, and so I kept my seat. We were snuff, and so I kept my seat. just beyond Brighton, when the old man ame at me like a steamboat, with: "Now, then. how fur is it to the spot where they found the Babes in the

Woods?

I wanted to get out of it, but how could That young man had deliberately lied to those nice old folks, and I hadn't the moral courage to tell 'em so, and thus had to make a liar of myself. It's awful to deceive any one, especially a good old man, and a fat and motherly old lady on their way to the tomb.
"That's—yes—that's the spot!" I said

as we came to a dark piece of woods. "Think o' that, Hanner!" he said, his ead out of the window, "think of them babes being found there! "Yes, it was fearful!" she replied-

seems as if I could almost see them stubbing about in there now !" There was another historic spot of which the young man had told them, but they had forgotten it, and I was never more thankful. They kept quiet until the brakeman yelled out, "Lansing," and then the old man bobbed up and exclaim-

" Lansing-Lansing-why, here's where they hung Tom Collins, ain't it?" He explained that Tom Collins, a Chi cago desperado, had murdered eleven old women and drank their blood for his liver complaint, and after being hunted for miles and miles, had at length been captured at Lansing, cut to pieces by the infuriated populace, and then left hanging to a tree.

I had to point out the tree. tree near the depot, and the tail of a kite had lodged in its branches. 'There's whar they hung him, Han ner!" said the old man, stretching his

" And there's some o' his shirt left yet! exclaimed the old lady, and as I backed out of the car, the good old man was remarking that he was going to ask the train boy if he didn't have the pamphlet life of Tom Collins, so that they could get further particulars .- Detroit Free Press.

The Poughkeepsie (N.Y.) News says: On

Directing a Postal Card. profitable, in connection with cheese fac-

Saturday a letter was received on a postal by means of suction. For the sake of car on the Hudson River Railroad, having ightness the whole of the apparatus was this queer direction : First came the name bllow, while the outer surface was coated of the party to whom the letter was in with soft gutta percha; the floor of the tended-Rev. Mr. Somebody or other. artificial piece formed the roof of the mouth. Mr. Hutchinson had also made ope, was a fish-hook, painted red. Then came the rest of the direction, fixed to the man's face by an elastic band County, New York," The clerks looked which passed around the head. The junc-tion was partially hidden by means of a were inclined after severe study to give moustache fixed to the upper lip, which was also artificial. Mr. Huchinson comments on the fact that the man's occupaion (he was a mason) and his position in hook being used to kill fish, of course life compelled him to treat the case in the That did for a first guess, but another simplest manner possible. Various delicate improvements in the shade of color, "Red Hook." This evidently was the mode of attachment, and usefulness of mastication, could be made in the case of persons in a higher sphere of life, who two Red Hook post-offices in Dutchess would appreciate delicacy of manipulation. county; one is Red Hook proper, "lower," and the other is Upper Red Hook. To which of these offices should the letter go? Further study caused that trouble to vanish also, for was not the point of the fish-hook turned downward to indicate the lower Red Hook? Of course it was, and the clerk triumphantly leposited the letter in the lower Red Hook mail-bag, and before this time doubtless the dominie has had his eyes

gladdened by the sight of the red fish-hook ent to the lower Red Hook by his waggish correspondent. WE seem at last to have reached hardnent's twenty-six buckshot into his oppo heart—a big joke on Schneider, which he takes away the animal taste that is offentook in dead earnest. We thought that sive to some, but does not so harden the when men took to killing each other for muffing hot bug-smashers and juggling gest. An egg, if cooked very hard, is dif-keen daisy-cutters at base-ball, we had Quaker and a Mennonite, while playing and brown bread. An egg spread on toast mumble-peg—both being considerably unis fit for a king, if kings deserve any better -St. Louis Globe.

dog, and -that's the hole story."

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

THE School for Scandal-Plymouth

A LITTLE girl said of her ill-tempered mole: "He hasn't got a single laugh in his Josh Billings says, "Success don't konsist in never making blunders, but in never making the same one the seckond

"My twin-brother is a pile-driver," is in aristocratic circles driving out "That's the sort of hair-pin I am," as the correct phrase for self-laudation.

Two young men out riding were passing a farm-house where a farmer was trying to

confiding old man and a very innocent old lady. They had passed away five-sixths of their lives hidden away behind the hills of Vermont, and were going to Western Vermont, and were going to Western look at that, will ye?" And from out the Michigan on a visit to their son. After a old carpet-bag the old lady, with trembling little skirmishing round the old gentleman pitched into me about the "crops," "sile," and when I found how innocent he was. I gave him all the information Leveld.

applause from the passengers, WHEN the Rev. Mr. Hallock was settled in Plainfield it was his custom to collect his own salary, for which every voter in the town was assessed. Calling upon Mr. D., the blacksmith, one day, he said: "I have a small bill against you," "And for what?" "For preaching." Said Mr. D., I have heard none of your preaching. "The fault is your own," said Mr. II.,
"the doors have been open, and you
might have come in." Not long after, as
Mr. H. was one day passing the black
smith shop, Mr. D., halling him, said: "I
have a small bill against you." "And have a small bill against you." for what?" said Mr. H. "For shoeing your horse," "I have had no horse shod here," said Mr. H. "The fault is your own," replied Mr. D., "the doors have been open, and you might have come in.

Mr. H. paid the bill.—Congregationalist.

HARRY sat at his father's side at a friend's ed in the historic spots of my own Sale.

Lor' forgive me, but a mile further on I pointed out a hill and said:

with the pile of sugar on it, but I didn't quite get it." Everybody laughed, and the father wisely concluded to give Harry

Factory Butter.

Under the factory system, the market is now supplied with cheese of good and uniform quality, and at prices that correspond favorably with other articles of diet in daily use. It is true there is still much ular interest in seeing the spot, because he knew the man who killed Tecumseh—used to live right by him. undoubtedly, will continue to do so until we shall produce cheese that shall rank as first-class in any market in the world. As this is being brought about, the consump-

tion and demand will increase, thus giving new impetus to this important industry The present lack in dairying in the West, is a system by which butter can be made by the same system as is cheese; for factory butter, like factory cheese, always commands an extra price. That is, while it does not, perhaps, bring the price ob-tained by certain individuals who make large quantities of butter, in home dairies, does bring prices higher than are obtained by what are considered to be good dairymen. What is now wanted, is the fostering of butter factories, or the combining of butter-making with cheese-making in the same factories, so that, in the spring and fall, and during the winter, when fresh-made butteralways commands

good prices, more attention could be paid to its manufacture, There is every indication, now, that firstclass butter will command higher prices than usual this fall and winter. This was the case last winter; in fact first-class butter always commands high prices in the West, and the reason why such is the case is that there is never a full supply of what was, at one time, known as "gilt edge" butter, but which now is not taken on this brand unless the maker is well known, Really first-class butter, however, will bring a large price even in summer, if sent to market cool, and thereafter kept so. When butter can be contracted for at thirty cents the year through, there is fully as much or more money in it, as in cheese at current prices, if the value of the

skimmed milk and butter milk be taken into account. While butter may be manufactured in small dairies, of fully as good quality as in large ones, there are certain necessities as ice, uniform packages, and facilities for carrying and shipping, that are absolutely necessary. These can be more cheaply obtained in factories, for the amount of butter made, than they can be in small dairies. These, aggregated, would form a great saving in the manufacture of butter, and consequently in the profits, to say nothing of the absolute uniform quality of the product. For this reason, we again urge the more general establishment of butter factories in the West, either separately, or, as we believe would be more

tories .- Western Rural. Eggs vs. Meat.

Would it not be well to substitute more eggs for meat in our daily diet? About one-third of the weight of an egg is solid nutriment. This is more than can be said of meat. There are no bones and tough pieces which have to be laid aside. A good egg is made up of ten parts shell, sixty parts white and thirty parts velk. The white of an egg contains eighty-six per cent. water; the yelk fifty-two per cent. The average weight of an egg is about two ounces. Practically an egg is animal lood, and yet there is none of the disagreeable work of the butcher necessary to obtain it. The vegetarians of England use eggs freely, and many of these men are eighty and ninety years old, and have been remarkably free from illness. A good egg is alive. The shell is porous, and the oxygen of the air goes through the shell and keeps up a kind of respiration. An egg soon becomes stale in bad air, or in very dry air charged with carbonic acid. Eggs may be dried and made to retain their goodness for a long time, or the shell may be varnished, which excludes the air, when, if kept in a moderate temperature, they may be kept good for years. The French people produce more eggs than any other, and ship millions of them to England an nually. Fresh eggs are more transparent at the center, old ones on the top. old ones are not transparent in place. In water in which one-tenth of salt WE seem at last to have reached hard-pan in the matter of murder. Mr. Rae, of different ones swim. Bad eggs float in Kansas City, had a dispute with the late pure water. The best eggs are laid by Mr. Schneider concerning a game of cro-quet, and, instead of braining him with a mallet, went for a shot-gun and roquetted lowed to eat all sorts of food. Eggs are best when cooked four minutes. white or yelk as to make them hard to dipoint of the game, and killed each other. ones. An egg dropped into hot water is not only a clean and handsome, but a delicious morsel. Most people spoil the taste

their brains much,-Poultry Review.